Larry, 1/30/73

I'm not assuming you went for that crap of Garrison's in the Village Voice of 1/18, but let me be explicit for the future: Garrison knows no more about who killed JFK than you and there is less chance that he ever will because if he had a real confession he'd be persuaded that it was a trick to deceive him. He has never done any real work, nor have those of whom he speaks highly. While we have not been on good terms for years, the work of Sylvia Meagher is one of the few basic and dependable ones. Collectively, those of whom he speak highly could not investigate pubic hairs on an overworked and underchanged bordello bed. If they found any, the dispute whether the source was eyebrows, legs or arms. This is the sad, sad truth.

I'm glad to get this because it is kind of fun to keep up with the new assassin indeitifications. The blanks are for Larry Crafard, the Ruby handman. He was going to commemorate the anniversary in 1968 by recharging Edgard Eugene Bradley, Nancy Perrin Rich and the former husband she had buried more than a year before the assassination, and that dead man, under the name Jack Starr, was then the guy on the grassy knoll. With the official scorecard you can't keep up with the assassins in the Mardi Gras version.

I have the press release, one of the few things I have gotten from down there in a long time. The things that could be of benefit for him for me to have they promise and don't send, like the court transcripts of the charges against him. This then sent without my asking, cleverly, so the spies watching all outgoing New Orleans mail would not know they were sending me a press release, with the return address of a staff member, but no name. It is not worth your time, but I'll send it if you'd like it. I can't copy it because it is on legal-sized paper. I have none that size.

Let me give it to you straight: they are so incompetent they couldn't get the addresses of the government agents they wanted as witnesses. I had to fo it from a real secret source, wity special skills I alone have, a combination of a simple, cheap Japanese maggifying glass and the Washington phone book. If you don't believe it, I have the carbon! They subpenaed Dulles at a 20-year-old wrong address. I had to phone them and give them his Washington address.

If you want to see the only solid evidence produced at the Shaw trial, which was unrelated to Shaw, be my guest when you are here. I exhausted myself for two months, but their comprehension was limited. This includes 100% of the medical evidence. I have a separate file on that.

On Shaw they did nothing except invent, which is precisely the content of the press release and the Voice interview.

Believe me, even the first part of Heritage of Stone is unoriginal. Garrison can be a beautiful writer, and Heritage is not up to his capability, no doubt because it was a corruption of what was not his work of his thought. Even the title is not new. It is that of the foreword he wrote for Oswald in New Orleans, and that is fine writing.

The man is sick. It is tragic. He is a personable, persuasive, concerned and sometimes exceptionally bright man, but insane on this subject and his total inability to do anything. One becomes a great critic by telling him how great he is. Or an evil one, like Sylvia, by castigating him. Me, you'll notice, he ignored. That's best and I'm happy.

Although his intention was exactly the opposite, he has been the greatest single obstacle to any accomplishments because he has destroyed everyone's credibility. Lane made a fortune off of him, Shal cleaned up on the nighclub circuit talking about his friend Garrison, to whom he also gave an expensive watch, Salandria, also paranoid, dedicated the little good work he did, of no real consequence, to the FBI (no kidding!) and then devoted his energies to trying to persuade everyone else not to do anything because it was futile. And Wecht? He adopted the Garrison invention when he could see nothing in the film he studied so, having previously hated Garrison and been offended by him, they are not bedmates.

If this isn't bad enough, there is much worse. But it is the end of a long day for me and I fear you may read this on an empty stomach. I'm glad to get the interview, however. Lesar laughed over it.

By the way, there was some stories on one Jose Luis Romero a while back. Seems he has a book saying he was hired for but didn't do the job. Any clips? Best, HW